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Appearances Deceitful.

A TALE.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KOTZEBUE.]

"DRIVE to the church," said the Countess Z** to her coachman, as she stepped into the carriage. It was the eve of All Saints, and the pious Emilia wished to unburden her mind by confession. "A young and amiable woman, united to a husband who was the choice of her own heart—adored by him—already the happy mother of a charming boy—soon to produce the second pledge of nuptial love—gratefully plucking every flower which joy scattered on her path—willingly fulfilling every duty of a faithful wife and tender mother—what can such a woman have to confess? With a heart devoid of guile, and a conscience without blemish, why does she visit the chair of absolution? What will she reply to the priest, if he require more than the universal declaration—I am a miserable sinner." Thus spoke Gustavus Count Z** to himself, as he was standing at the window, and heard his Emilia's direction, "Drive to the church." "Shall I privately follow her," continued he in his soliloquy; "shall I conceal myself in a corner of the church, and hear the avowal of my beloved sinner? Is this curiosity?—No! Is it jealousy?—Pshaw. Well, what is it then?—A joke, and nothing more. I am her husband, and surely have as great a right to know her little secrets as father Anselmo. I shall rally her, she will be surprised,—I shall laugh—and there the matter will end." He went. It was not far to the church. He crept into it under the twilight, and approached as near to the confessor's chair, as was possible without being detected. He listened attentively. Emilia spoke rather loud. This is the fragment of her confession, of which her unfortunate husband lost not a word—

"Yes, reverend father, the youth's person was so lovely. For more than six months he daily passed several hours in my bed-chamber, and while I was at supper with my husband, he escaped by means of my maid through a private door. I have always concealed from his lordship my reasons for dismissing this girl from my service."

Oh, all ye husbands! whoever of you is in possession of a beauteous wife, whom he loves with the whole fulness of his heart, in whose arms he carelessly reposes, let him fancy, if it be possible, let him fancy himself in the situation of the listening Count. His first motion was with his hand upon his sword, but the idea of profaning the Almighty's temple, and of defiling his floors with blood, deterred him. He left the church, to him the grave of his repose, arrived, without knowing how, at his own house, and demanded horses. A light post-chaise was prepared. The Count left a note for his wife, in which he very laconically informed her, that business of importance obliged him to visit one of his estates, threw himself into the carriage, and fled from the place.

Emilia returned from the temple with that cheerfulness so peculiar to pious simplicity, when it believes to have liquidated all accounts with heaven. Her husband's note surprised her much. He had never before quitted her in so unaccountable a way—without a parting kiss—without fixing any time for his return—without having even thought of the journey two hours before.

These reflections made the gentle Emilia uneasy. She summoned the steward, and asked whether he had spoken to the Count before his departure. The steward replied, he had seen him but not spoken to him.—"Not spoken to him!" exclaimed Emilia. "No orders! no directions! I mean with regard to the houshold?"—"None whatsoever," answered he. "That is strange," said Emilia. "Ay, strange indeed, my lady," returned the steward. "I have known his lordship ever since he was born. I often have had the honour of carrying him in my arms, but I never saw him as he was to-day.—Twenty times he was pleased to send for me—twenty times I had the honour of waiting on him; but there I stood, and he never looked at me. Once or twice I took the liberty of coughing, but all in vain. His lordship did nothing but bite his nails, and all the while looked as red as my good old master, his father, of blessed memory, when he had swallowed five bottles of wine after dinner. At last his lordship threw himself into the chaise, without so much as just saying, good bye Thomas, as he was before always pleased to do, when he left home.——"Inexplicable!" murmured Emilia. "Undoubtedly some very unpleasant accident has torn him from my arms?" Far, very far, was she from suspecting the real cause.

Meanwhile the Count pursued his journey day and night. 'Twas night within his soul, not a gleam of hope there cast its transient twilight. On the evening of the third day he reached the bounds of his estate. An ancient castle of the ninth century, furnished with turrets, moats, drawbridges, and palisades, just caught the last beam of the sun, and cast a long shadow on the flowery meadow.

It was the first time that the young Count had visited this, the remotest of his estates,

since he inherited them from his father. A steward, an old gardener and his wife, were the only inhabitants of the castle. All three harboured not the most distant expectation of a visit from their young master. They surrounded him with every demonstration of joy, and welcomed him with a hearty good will; but he scarce even saw them; his eyes were wild and gloomy; he threw himself upon a sofa, and desired to be left alone.

The whole village was in motion. The oldest boors dressed themselves in their Sunday cloaths, and plodded towards the castle, while the bailiff on the road studied a complimentary harangue, with which he purposed to surprize his lordship. At the gates of the castle, however, they were informed that the Count was fatigued after his journey, and could not be seen by any body. The good people returned sorrowfully home.—"The late lord was never so high with us," said one to the other; "When ever he came here to hunt and shoot, he always received us, and said,—Good day, my lads! How goes your corn on? How are your cattle? God bless your good old soul."

Early on the following morning, Count Z** examined the castle, searched into every corner, and dived into the lowest cellar. At the end of a lonely gallery, thro' which he heard the echo of his every step, he stumbled against an iron door, which guarded the entrance to one of the four turrets at the corners of the castle's roof. The door was opened, a loathsome stench of long confined air burst through the chasm. He entered, found four naked walls, and some mouldered straw. For the first time the Count's mouth was distended to a smile, but it was a grim diabolical smile. He silently quitted the turret, and dispatched the servant who accompanied him, with a note to the Countess. In the mean time, by his command, a table, a wooden chair, and a bundle of fresh straw, were carried to the turret.

Emilia received with rapture the tidings of her beloved lord, whose embrace her beating heart too long missed. With the beauteous bloom of fervent desire upon her cheek, she opened the note, and read:

"*The bearer hereof has orders to bring you to me.* Z."

Great as was Emilia's astonishment at the dry laconic style of her husband, yet made she not a moments hesitation to accompany the messenger. The journey was extremely difficult to a lady in Emilia's condition; but she, with the impatience of affection, forgot her delicate situation, scarce allowed herself a few hours sleep at night, and on the fourth evening arrived safe at the castle.

Her husband awaited her within the walls of the dreadful turret, seated on the wooden chair, and ruminating on his misery. Emilia flew to embrace him—with his clenched fist he felled her to the earth.—"Heavens! what means this?" cried the unfortunate Countess, and crept upon the straw. The Count spurned her from him. "Monster," roared he, in a tone of the most dreadful fury, "thou art unmasked. Here, here shalt thou end a life of which I have not the courage to deprive thee."

With these words he forsook the wretched Emilia, and locked the door. Left to reflect in solitude upon her misery and innocence, doomed, with the purest conscience, to the cruelest of punishments, Emilia sunk upon her knees, and prayed to that Being who reads in our hearts, as in an open book, to tear from the eyes of her husband, her still much loved husband, the bandage woven by infernal calumny. The night-crows shrieked during her prayer, and the ear of inexorable fate seemed deaf to the sighs of suffering innocence.

On the noon of the succeeding day, bread and water were administered to her thro' a hole. She salted the bread with her tears, and her heart almost broke with melancholy. She had begged that she might be allowed writing materials, but they had been denied. By chance she found in her pocket a little blue silk and a needle. She washed her handkerchief, and sewed upon it these words:—"I AM INNOCENT! SAVE ME AND OUR CHILD."

She sent the handkerchief to her husband. The deluded wretch tore and returned it. A burning tear fell from Emilia's eye upon it.

When the period approached, at which she was to be delivered, the old gardener's wife was admitted to her, and Emilia, writhing on the straw, gave birth to a daughter. The first cry of this child, the first sound which she heard within those dreadful walls, for two long months alleviated her sorrows. She pressed the little cherub to her fond maternal heart, and recommended it to the Almighty. She gazed at it, tho't she saw it smile, and forgot her misfortunes. But alas! scarce had she in some degree regained her strength, when the gardener's wife tore the infant from her arms, and locked the prison. "O God!" exclaimed poor Emilia, "leave me at least my child." She fell to the earth in a swoon, and when she awoke, prayed to heaven for death.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CURIOUS ANECDOTE

Of the late Earl of Ross, of Ireland.

THE late Earl of Ross was, in character and disposition, like the humourous Earl of Rochester. He had an infinite fund of wit, great spirits and liberal heart; was fond of all the vices which the beau-monde call pleasures, and by those means first impaired his fortune as much as he possibly could do, and, finally, his health, beyond repair. A nobleman could not, in so censorious a place as Dublin, lead a life of rackets, brawls, and midnight confusion, without being a general topic of reproach, and having fifty thousand faults invented to complete the number of those he had: nay, some asserted that he dealt with the devil; established a hell-fire club at the Eagle tavern on Corkhill, and that one W—, a mighty innocent facetious painter, who was, indeed, only the agent of his gallantry, was a party concerned: but what would not malicious folks say? Be it as it will, his Lordship's character was torn to pieces every where, except at the groom porters, where he was a man of honour; and at the taverns, where no one surpassed him for generosity.

Having led this life till it brought him to death's door, his neighbour, the Rev. Dean Madden, a man of exemplary piety and virtue, having heard his lordship was given over, thought it his duty to write to him a very pathetic letter, to remind him of his past life; the particulars of which he mentioned, such as whoring, gaming, drinking, rioting, blaspheming his Maker, and, in short, all manner of wickedness; exhorting him, in the tenderest manner to employ a few moments that remained to him in penitently confessing his manifold transgressions, and soliciting his pardon from an offended Deity, before whom he was shortly to appear.

It is necessary to acquaint the reader, that the late Earl of K——e was one of the most pious nobleman of the age, and, in every respect, a contrast, in character, to Lord Ross. When the latter, who retained his senses to the last moment, and died rather for want of breath than want of spirits, read over the Dean's letter (which came to him under cover) he ordered it to be put in another paper, sealed up and directed to the Earl of K——e. He likewise prevailed on the Dean's servant to carry it, and to tell it came from his master, which he was encouraged to do by a couple of guineas, and knowing nothing of its contents. Lord K——e was an effeminate, puny, little man, extremely formal and delicate, insomuch,

that when he was married to lady M—y O—n, one of the most shining beauties then in the world, he would not take his wedding gloves off when he went to bed. From this single instance may be judged, with what surprise and indignation he read over the Dean's letter, containing so many accusations for crimes he knew himself entirely innocent of.—He first ran to his lady, and informed her that Dean Madden was actually mad; to prove which, he delivered her the epistle he had just received.—Her Ladyship was as much confounded and amazed at it, as he could possibly be, but, withall, observed that the letter was not written in the stile of a madman, and advised him to go to the Archbishop of Dublin about it. Accordingly, his Lordship ordered his coach, went to the episcopal palace, where he found his Grace at home, and immediately accosted him in this manner; "Pray, my Lord, did you ever hear that I was a blasphemer, a whoremonger, a riotter, and every other thing that is base and infamous?"—"You, my lord?" said the bishop, "every one knows you are the pattern of humility, godliness, and virtue." "Well, my lord, what satisfaction can I have of a learned and Reverend Divine, who, under his own hand, lays all this to my charge?" "Surely, answered his Grace, "no man in his right senses, that knew your lordship, would presume to do it; and, if any clergyman has been guilty of such offence, your lordship will have satisfaction from the Spiritual Court." Upon this, Lord K——e delivered to his Grace the letter, which he told him was that morning delivered by the Dean's servant; and which both the Archbishop and the Earl knew to be Dean Madden's handwriting.

The Archbishop immediately sent for the Dean, who happened to be at home, and instantly obeyed the summons. Before he entered the room, his Grace advised Lord K——e to walk into another apartment, while he discoursed the gentleman about it, which his Lordship accordingly did. When the Dean entered, his Grace looking very sternly, demanded if he wrote that letter, the Dean answered, "I did, my Lord."—"Mr. Dean," returned the prelate, "I always thought you a man of sense and prudence; but this unguarded action must lessen you in the esteem of all good men:—To throw out so many causeless invectives against the most unblemished nobleman in Europe, and accuse him of crimes to which he and his family have ever been strangers, must certainly be the effect of a distempered brain: besides, sir, you have, by this means, laid yourself open to a prosecution, which will either oblige you publicly to retract what you have said, or to suffer the consequence." "My Lord," answered the Dean, "I never think, act, or write any thing for which I am afraid to be called to an account before any tribunal upon earth, and, if I am to be prosecuted for discharging the duties of my function, I will suffer, patiently, the severest penalties in justification of it." And so saying the Dean retired with some emotion, and left the two noblemen as much in the dark as ever.

Lord K——e went home and sent for a Proctor, to whom he committed the Dean's letter, and ordered a citation to be sent to him as soon as possible. In the mean time the Archbishop, who knew the Dean had a family to provide for, and foresaw that ruin must attend his entering into a suit with so powerful a person, went to his house, and recommended him to ask his pardon, before the matter became public. "Ask his pardon," said the Dean "why the man is dead." "Lord K——e dead!" "No, Lord Ross."—"Good God!" said the Archbishop, "did not you send a letter yesterday to Lord K——e?" "No truly, my Lord, but I sent one to the unhappy Earl of Ross, who was then given over; and I thought it my duty to write to him in the manner I did." Upon examining the servant, the whole was rectified; and the Dean saw with real regret, that Lord Ross died as he lived; nor did he continue in this life above four hours after he sent off the letter. The footman lost his place by the jest, and was indeed, the only sufferer for my Lord's last piece of humour.

THE GRATEFUL JEW.

A considerable Polish family, by some broils which had brought that country to the brink of ruin, had been plunged from rank and affluence into obscurity and wretchedness. An only son was left, whom necessity had compelled to enter the service of a Polish Nobleman, and change his name. As the latter was taking an airing about the country, his good fortune led him to a cabaret, or a small inn, kept, as all these houses of public accommodation are, by a Jew. The good Israelite having surveyed the youth with attention, civilly craved his name, which the other told him freely. But said the host, though, you go by that name, it is not your real one. Be sincere with me; I can trace in your face features which I am for ever bound to revere. If I mistake not, you are the son of the late worthy, but unfortunate Prince Woronieski. I own it, said the youth, but unable to support the title with its becoming splendour, I thought it prudent to conceal my birth. Heaven, I thank thee for the favour, exclaimed the Jew, now I have it in my power to requite on the son, part of my obligations to his parents. Yes, Sir, to your noble family I owe my existance. I long subsisted on their benevolence: Providence has blest my endeavours, and I have in a few years amassed a considerable fortune, which it is my duty to share with the representative of my benefactor. To-morrow your excellency shall be placed in a proper sphere: a state of servitude becomes you not; I should be a slave myself, had I no other means left to release you from bondage. The next morning a coach and six, with a suitable number of servants were provided, and having received from the grateful Israelite, a purse of 1000 ducats, the prince set off for Warsaw, where having made himself known, he in few days was honoured by the king with the badge of the first order of knighthood. The Prince returned to the friendly Jew, who could not refrain from shedding those tears which are the bright effusions of sensibility.—He had, during the prince's absence, negociated a marriage between his excellency and a rich German heiress, which was consumated a few weeks afterwards, when her parents paid down 1,000,000 florins, with a promise of as much again on the birth of the first son. It would be a difficult matter to match such an instance of gratitude. "Go then christain and do thou likewise."

Remarkable Instance of "the Ruling Passion strong in Death."

FREDERICK William, King of Prussia, (the father of Frederick the Great) was tyrannically addicted to the ostentation of military pomp, and piqued himself particularly on a regiment of the tallest men in Europe; which he exhausted every resource of ridiculous tyranny to perpetuate. This attachment, strange and frivolous as it may appear, did not forsake him even in the agonies of death.

Feeling his end approaching, he sent for his son, and, among other things, particularly injoined him never to let this tall regiment moulder away. Not being satisfied with the answer of the prince on this topic, with parental anxiety, he ordered his darling giants to be drawn out under arms before the windows of his apartment, that his last feeble glance might linger on this stalking monument of military parade, and his latest thoughts he occupied with the anxious doubt of its perpetuity

The Commentator, No. 19.

——————with glee now brightning,
Now sunk in gloom as quick as lightning.
ANON.

EVERY one has more or less of that peculiar caprice in his nature, which this moment elevates him to the pinnacle of hope, the next plunges him into the abyss of despair. The spirits of man bear a strong resemblance to the quicksilver in a thermometer, both ascending or descending as they are operated upon by external causes; and incidents of the most trifling nature in the eye of philosophy, will precipitate him from the *blood heat* of rapturous expectation, to the *freezing point* of gloomy despondency. It must be allowed, however, that mankind are not all of this varying class, nor are all their dispositions so fluctuating as to change the object of their pursuit when merely actuated by a momentary impulse.

WILL WHIMSEY is an eccentric genius, who is this moment as happy in the prosecution of a favourite scheme, as a mortal can expect to be; but upon finding the unsubstantiality of his air-built castles, which he fondly supposed to be infallible, he is the most wretched being alive. WILL was first a lawyer, but his volatility was soon disgusted with the tedious study of COKE, and he exchanged his gown for a tinker's habit: for he had been highly delighted by his neighbour of that fraternity, who was wont to entertain him with his melodious voice "from morn till dewy eve," and was accompanied by his hammer, which beat time in perfect unison. But this life was too uniform and monotonous for WILL, and being seized with the travelling mania, he purchased a pack, filled it with wares, equipped himself with the sonorous instrument of music, usually carried by his brethren of the same profession, and commenced travelling merchant, 'yclep'd a pedlar. WILL's ambitious and whimsical spirit soon wearied him of his present undertaking, and bade him soar above the low sphere in which he now moved. He had always a taste for reading, and his understanding, which did not however rise above mediocrity, had been cultivated and improved by a good education. In compliance with the transient impulse of the moment, WILL sold off his stock at a loss of fifty per cent. and quitting the profession of retailing pins and needles, he resolved to be enrolled in the annals of fame as the benefactor of mankind. Animated with the philanthropic idea of being useful to his species, and impelled by the expectation of gratifying his ambition, at the same time, he exercised his genius in the invention of several different machines, by which he supposed much manual labour might be saved, and which consequently could not fail to prove of immense utility. Unfortunately WILL's calculations were erroneous, and his sanguine expectations disappointed, as he could get a patent for neither of them. He was, as usual, after any disappointment, enveloped in gloom for some time; but, though provoked at the want of perspicuity among men to discover the essential utility of his contrivances, his philanthrophy was not much diminished. He studied philosophy for some time, with profound application, and laid a plan for the composing a work for the improvement of mankind in his favourite science. His intention was to write an extensive treatise, which should comprehend every branch of philosophy, and thus give the world the valuable fruits of his scientific researches. The prospectus he printed, and distributed among his particular friends only; as the modesty which is the peculiar attendant on genius, and of which WILL fancied he had an abundant share, induced him to confine the knowledge of his intention to a few. The title of his work was—"*Philosophical Notes, in twenty-five volumes, folio; by* WILLIAM WHIMSEY, *Esq. P. M.*—This scheme was a fund of merriment to WILL's friends, and one of them waggishly observed to him, that he would be too laconic; as his work could certainly not be sufficiently voluminous to embrace every thing that ought to be included in a performance of that kind, and that his title page was not sufficiently diffuse. He also advised my friend WHIMSEY to add something that would render his title page more copious, and hinted that the P. M. at the end of his name would scarcely be intelligible to many of his readers. WILL in return told him, that he would take advantage of his hint respecting the title page, as he was sensible that—"*an elegant title page added additional elegance to an elegant performance,*" and that he might possibly increase the number of his volumes; but he was determined to retain the P. M. as none but a blockhead could help knowing that these letters were the initials of *philosophiæ magister.* WILL shortly published a second edition of his prospectus, and his roguish friend was highly gratified upon finding the title page ran thus—"*Philosophical Notes; or, Notes on Philosophy; being a brief Treatise, &c. in thirty-six volumes, folio.*"—But the P. M. maintained its place in defiance of all his arguments. The work soon began to tire the volatile disposition of WILL, and by the increasing length of his face, and desponding aspect, his acquaintance predicted the downfall of his favourite project. In a short time, with a most despairing visage, WILL informed me that a sedentary life, and his incessant application, were not congenial with his constitution, and a due regard for his health laid him under the disagreeable necessity of relinquishing the project. A little time elapsed when I received another visit from WILL, but he did not resemble the same person; the gloom which had deformed his countenance had vanished, and his care-worn aspect was changed for features illumined by the smile of hope. He told me, that having frequently heard of the Letters of Junius, he had perused them, and was delighted with the genius of the author. He further informed me, that he was resolved to imitate him, and had no doubt but that he would derive both honour and emolument by exercising his genius *at invention*, and enlisting in the ranks of opposition. Again poor WILL was doomed to experience the frowns of fortune. A revolution took place in the administration, without my unfortunate friend's assistance, and he was disappointed of the honour which he expected to receive from the execution of his purpose; and, what was of still more importance, in the present state of his finances, of the pecuniary reward for his services. Such is WILL WHIMSEY,—and the candid, I trust, will acknowledge that he is not a *lusus naturæ*. J.

ALBERT:

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

"When he led his warriors to the battle,
"Victory attended him where'er he fought."

"FROM him I learned that my uncle had died a short time after I was missed, that my boy was dead, and that Hugo reigned over my dominions, and my Clarice, with a tyrant's sway. I resolved to enter the castle myself, and to scrutinize well into the actions and words of the base usurper. The thought that the *murderer* (for so I instantly suspected him) of my good old uncle and my son, was now banqueting in his ill-gotten wealth, and tyrannizing over my adorable Clarice, almost drove me to distraction."—Here Salmaria was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a herald, who announced the ardour of the soldiers, and their impatience to march. Tancred was therefore obliged to take leave of his friend, but before he went, Salmaria

enjoined him secrecy as to the events which he had just related:—"I would not wish (said he) that my Albert should know who he is, until I am convinced he does not disgrace his name; for I solemnly swear, that he shall receive no benefit from me, as his father, till I am certain he will bring no stain upon his family." "There is no necessity for this, (returned Tancred) his actions would bring no stain on any family of the illustrious Charles, the founder of your extensive dominions. Yet, are *you* certain that he is your son? you know no more of him than his name and age, which I confess correspond with that of your son. You say the fisherman told you he was dead." "Ah no, a parent's eyes are not easily deceived, I have a something here (returned Salmaria) which loudly and fondly owns him my son."

Arriving on the borders of his dominions, Tancred learns that Louis, hearing of the messenger which had been dispatched, had attacked the camp on the preceding night, that he had been repulsed and forced to return to the city with great loss, and a vigorous siege had now commenced.

Tancred, after a laborious but hasty march, sat down before the gates of Rosponi about the middle of the day. The whole army, with loud acclamations, hailed the arrival of their beloved prince. Nor was his youthful friend without a share of their attention;—they were struck with admiration at the noble fire of majesty which beamed in his eyes. And he afterwards evineed himself, by his valorous exploits, worthy of their attention.

Immediately Tancred held a council of his officers. It was agreed that the next day an attack should be made on the city in different parts by the whole army divided into two parties: the one under the command of Tancred, the other of Albert. But this plan was frustrated by the enemy's making a sally early in the morning. Albert was awakened from sleep by the cry of "To arms! To arms!" vociferated in every direction. He instantly leapt from his bed, and putting on his armour, sallied forth. How did his young heart beat when he beheld the hostile armies drawn up in battle array! when he saw the chieftains riding before the ranks, exhorting their soldiers to bravery. Albert hastened to his station; here he endeavoured to animate the hearts of his soldiers. "Your leader (said he) will point out to you the road to glory—He has never been placed in such a situation as this before, yet you see his heart shrinks not, observe him in the battle, you will see what an emulous knight dare do: fight courageously, you have right on your side, whilst your enemies are burdened with treachery."——He was interrupted by the clangor of arms and trumpets, the neighing of steeds, by the thunder of cannon, and the shouts of the soldiers. Putting spurs to his steed, he ordered his men to advance. A desire of gaining the applause of a man whom they all revered is a fresh incentive to their courage. Already has his impetuosity hurried him into the midst of his foes.—See! overpowered by numbers, he falls to the ground. Lo! there the brawny arm of Guyon uplifts the sword over the neck of the fallen hero. Rinaldo perceives his situation, and influenced by the generous force of friendship, flies to his assistance. Guyon is beaten to the ground! Where art thou now, O Louis: thy fond pride which boasted thy son unconquerable, avails him not. Hurled from his seat by the powerful hand of Rinaldo, he falls, an easy conquest! Albert again mounted on his "fiery horse," flies through the thickest of the enemy.

Louis, determined to avenge the death of his beloved son, having collected a band of his bravest knights, endeavours to enclose the fearless Albert:—

> One from his helm the waving crest divides;
> One thro' his fencing shield the weapon guides,
> His visor some, and some his limbs assail,
> Each part secur'd in plate and jointed mail.

At one time he advances, again retreats, and still undaunted grasps at victory. One seiz'd by the throat, he cast gasping in the dust: another with nervous arm, directed his spear against him,

> "And vainly hop'd the battle ended here:"

But he too falls a victim to his temerity. At length, struck with terror, they relinquish the unequal contest, and leave him to pursue new victories.

But now, the night o'ershadowing the field of battle, the hostile armies are obliged to separate. Louis regains the city, and Tancred is compelled to yield to the deprivation.

In this state the two armies laid for some days. They were both so exhausted by the late contest, that neither seemed to have a wish for the renewal of it.

One day as Tancred was sitting in his tent, writing to his beloved daugter, Albert bursted in;—"Congratulate yourself, my prince, (said he) at length our toils are nearly at an end. A few days hence the banners of Tancred will wave on yon proud walls. In a little time the tyrant will be humbled, and can no longer boast of victories."

"Why, my friend, (said Tancred) what hopes hast thou?" Albert answered,—"Thou knowest since we have been here, I have shunned the society of my fellow-soldiers,—not from any dislike to them, but that I might freely indulge my solitary reflections. One only has been the companion of my rambles. A similarity of tempers, and nearly so of fortunes, soon produced an intimacy—his noble behaviour to me in our last glorious battle, where the son of Louis yielded his haughty breath, won my esteem and my confidence—ever since we have been as brothers.

"In our walk yesterday, being oppressed by the heat of the day, we searched for some friendly shade to secure us from the scorching rays of the sun. In our search we discovered a cave, the mouth of which was nearly choaked by the abundance of briars and bushes that were growing about it. Nevertheless we forced our way into it. It extended back to some distance. We pursued it until we arrived at its termination, which was, as Rinaldo judged, in the vaults of your palace."—"Now you mention it (returned Tancred) I remember hearing from an old domestic, that such a passage had been constructed a long time ago, but it had entirely escaped my memory."—"To-morrow, if you will allow me, (said Albert) whilst you make an attack on the city, Rinaldo and myself, accompanied by a small but determined band, will force our way—and before the setting sun, your friends shall again be in possession of their rights." Tancred having assented to this, Albert withdrew to choose his companions.

On the following day, accompanied by forty of the bravest knights in the army, they essayed forth,

> Obscure they went, thro' dreary shades, that led
> Along the waste dominions———

Upon their arrival at the trap-door which communicated to the upper-rooms, Albert and Rinaldo instantly leapt up,—immediately the door was thrown down with great violence, and they found themselves surrounded by a large party of armed men.—Drawing their swords, the two friends rushed upon them—overpowered by numbers, they were obliged to yield, but not before they had immolated a number of their enemies.

Louis had employed a spy in the court of Tancred, who had overheard the conversation between him and Albert, and had advised Louis of it in the evening: thus he was enabled to defeat the too-sanguine hopes of our youthful hero. I. H.

(To be continued.)

For the Philadelphia Repository.

Literary Information.

J. MITCHELL SEWAL, esq. of New-Hampshire, is preparing his poetical works for the press. Mr. SEWAL is a lawyer by profession, and is said to have very profound legal knowledge. He is however, an eccentric character, and occasionally labours under the influence of a species of insanity. Perhaps this may be called poetical inspiration, proceeding from a sublimity of thought above the conception of the vulgar: Beattie would probably pronounce this affection of the mind the inspiration of a bard "rapt in meditation high." Mr. SEWAL is sometimes as eloquent as judicious in defending a client. At other times he affects a pertinacious silence; and no inducement can prevail upon him to speak or write; and sometimes he maintains this inflexible taciturnity for weeks together.

Mr. S. possesses a refined musical taste, and is himself an admirable performer. To great delicacy he unites extreme sensibility, and is benevolent to a fault.

From the occasional specimens of Mr. SEWAL's poetry, which have been before the public, we are led to anticipate much entertainment in the perusal of his works entire. Few modern poets are equally original, harmonious and nervous.

G.

ARITHMETIC

FOR LADIES OF FASHION.

Numeration will teach them to make *figures in life*, and to *enumerate* all they hear and see with more truth than it is said they now generally do.

2. *Addition* will teach them to *add* to the number of their gallants, children and amusements.

3. *Subtraction* will teach them to take from their neighbour's merit, in order to increase their own.

4. *Multiplication* will teach them to *multiply* as fast as their husbands can possibly *maintain*.

5. *Division* will teach them how to parcel out the estate with advantage, in all cases of separate maintenance.

6. *The Rule of Three* will teach them how to manage at one time a husband and a gallant, so as to estimate to a certainty, if a husband is capable of affording her so much happiness, what a husband and a gallant must afford.

7. *Practice* will complete them in learning all those accomplishments and allurements, by which they make daily so many conquests.

8. *Simple Interest* will teach them that it should centre in their own person and pleasure.

9. *Compound Interest* will teach them that it is their interest to compound with their husbands, by obedience at home, for the sake of pleasure abroad; and to compound with the world, by sacrificing character for the sake of enjoyment.

10. *Reduction* will teach them to bear with patience the loss of one lover for the sake of the rest.

11. *Vulgar Fractions* will teach them to despise the ill-natured and groveling ideas of the low bred world.

12. And *Geometrical Progressions* will teach them to progress in a *two-fold ratio* in all the arts of coquetry.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

A SCRAP.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast;"

Is it then a wonder that it captivates the human, and transports it to extacy?—What rapture does the harmonious voice of a female inspire?—What can I put in comparison to the pleasure?

. . . . . Nought
Is with more delight fraught.

'Twas on a calm and serene evening, when the moon with uninterrupted splendor shone from the starry firmament: I was sitting at the east window of my apartment—filled with amazement at the wonderful structure I beheld—when the air was pierced by a sound which met my ear, and inspired the most pleasing sensations—I felt as if transported to the regions of seraphic delight, my attention was immediately and imperceptibly drawn to the source, where I beheld an angelic figure at a window in the third story of a back place—emiting the most enrapturing melody, and praising Divinity thro' the medium of one of Mr. LAW's most elegant tunes, in these words:

"Where will my growing numbers end
"When I begin thy praise?"

K.

ANECDOTE.—An ignorant nobleman observing one day at dinner a person eminent for his philosophical talents, intent on choosing the delicacies of the table, said to him, "What! do philosophers love dainties!" "Why not?" returned the scholar, "Do you think, my lord, that the good things of this world were made only for blockheads?"

The Monitor.

IN reflecting on the world in general, I could not help considering the many, with a pleasing astonishment, that even strive to render themselves miserable. Being surrounded with every material to make men happy and contented, they are still pining, in the midst of plenty. True real happiness certainly consists not in fortune or possession, for how many do we see miserable, though possessing thousands. There are many in the world, who are of a melancholy disposition, who look upon the innocent enjoyments of life as criminal, who behold every thing with an eye of discontent. Such as these it is not in the power of the world to render happy! The lively spirits of youth gild no opening prospect to them. Did heaven then ordain us to live so unhappy? Did our Creator give to us sensibility, give to us minds fit to comprehend his laws, to imbibe his instructions, to adore him in his works, and in the end, to be miserable? Heaven forbid! All things around us demonstrate the contrary. The works of his hands convey a pleasure to the inspector, and all the creation seems to rejoice with man. The man who acts up to the dictates of reason and religion, has the greater motive to be cheerful, for he only has the proper title to it. Superstitious fear deprives us of the pleasure of conversation, and all those social joys which are not only innocent but laudable. The man of good heart enjoys all these delights, under the smile of an approving heaven. No fears damp his joys; he looks upon transitory joys as gales to waft him forward in his voyage through life, and beholds death as a messenger to welcome him to his desired haven. "It is not the business of virtue," as Addison very sublimely observes, "to extirpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them. It may moderate and restrain, but was not designed to banish gladness from the heart of man. The exercise of virtue is so far from excluding all gladness of heart, that it is a perpetual source of it. It banishes, indeed, all levity of behaviour, but in exchange, fills the mind with an uninterrupted cheerfulness." How interesting then is it to every one to cherish this sun-shine of the mind, to banish those gloomy disconsolate ideas, that superstitious fears create, and strive to live so agreeable to reason and religion, that we may,—"by an easy transition from what we now are, shine forth angels of light."

REMARK—Thirst teaches all animals to drink; drunkenness belongs exclusively to man.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

TO THE EDITOR,

The following Translation of the Latin Elegy in your last number, is, with much diffidence offered for publication.

HERE lies Pompey, the favourite dog of the invincible king of the Swedes. He died at Polonia, deservedly beloved; whence he was sent to Sweden, to receive the honours of a funeral, in his native country.

THIS is the dog, who thro' each direful storm,
Of devastation terror and alarm,
Firm to his master's fortune still adher'd,
Follow'd his steps, and following rever'd.
The Hyperborean prince his toils approv'd,
And e'en in death his memory he lov'd:
Thus to his northern home the dog restor'd,
And his untimely exit long deplor'd.

Pompey's remains, and his illustrious name,
Are sacred to his country, and to fame.
If thus the ashes of a dog could claim,
Funereal honours, and so fair a name;
What honours may not faithful friends acquire,
From him, who glows with friendship's sacred fire? N.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

A REQUEST——By *R. W.*

Ye gents whose wits are at your finger's end,
Now turn your thoughts for once to please a friend:
Contemplating new modes to plant a grove,
On trigonometry my thoughts did rove.
The number of my trees is just nineteen,
Which I would wish to plant upon my green:
Their order such,—(if so you can dispose,)
That all my trees exhibit just *nine* rows.
In every row,—(if so you can contrive)
I'd have the number be exactly *five;*
But now for trigonometry the test,
And this more pleases me than all the rest.
I'd have them fair exhibit to my view,
One sexagon,—triangles *thirty-two*:
Ye learned friends in trigonomic lore,
Your aid I crave this myst'ry to explore.
R. W.

REMARK.

We are often mistaken for men of pleasure, because we are not men of business; and for men of business, because we are not men of pleasure. A great genius finds leisure for both; an inferior genius for neither.

PHILADELPHIA,

AUGUST 29, 1801.

Marriages.

'Tis *sympathy of soul* must souls unite,
Without that sympathy, no true delight:
What gold cements, by gold may be disjoin'd;
There is no int'rest in the lover's mind.
MRS. DICKSON.

MARRIED....In this city....On the 20th inst. by the Rev. T. Ustick, Mr. Joseph Rambo, to the amiable Miss Sarah Powell .....On the 22d, by the Rev. Dr. Smith, Mr. James D. Gibson, to Miss Sarah Young, daughter of the late Charles Young, deceased....By the Rev. Mr. Ustick, Capt. E. Gardener, of the ship Phœbe Ann, to Miss Grace Wagner.

.....At Hinsdale, (Ver.) the Hon. Lewis R. Morris, Representative in Congress, to Miss Ellen Hunt.

.....Lately at Boston, Mr. John P. Schoot, jun. late of Philadelphia, merchant, to Miss Hannah Meinxies, of the former place.

Deaths.

Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!
What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy
The hardiest frame! of indolence, of toil,
We die; of want, of superfluity!
ARMSTRONG.

DIED....In this city....On the 19th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Fisher, Æt. 78, relict of the late Mr. Samuel Fisher: Mrs. Margaret Smith, Æt. 22, relict of the late Uriah Smith: Mrs. Catherine May, consort of Mr. Adam May....On the 24th, Mrs. Jane Parks.

COMMUNICATION.

MELANCHOLY!

Mr. JOHN MOORE, mate of the Brig Rose, was unfortunately drowned on Friday evening last, in endeavouring to regain a boat which had got adrift, as the brig was dropping down the river. His body was found on Sunday morning, and decently interred in the evening, in Newcastle. The untimely death of this young man is a subject of deep regret to his friends; cut of in the prime of life, it may truly be said he had many amiable qualifications: tho' these were perhaps sullied with the follies of youth, yet had Providence spared his days, he would, no doubt, have proved an ornament to society, and a comfort to his friends and relations. He has left a wife but four weeks married, to sustain the loss—after a courtship of *nine years.*

August 25th.

ANOTHER MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT!

On the 17th inst. Mr. ALEXANDER LEE, in company with some other gentleman, went a few miles below the city, for the purpose of fowling. In one of the fields near the Point-House, Mr. LEE, in attempting to pass a ditch, rested his piece on the ground, and placed his hand on the muzzle in order to assist himself over. Unfortunately the gun was cocked, and something touching the trigger, it went off: the charge entered his hand, and his arm being in an angle position, the shot passed thro' his wrist, and again entered just below the shoulder, where the whole lodged. He was brought home to his house in Gaskill-street, and medical aid immediately procured; but an amputation was deemed impracticable, or at least, that it would not be attended with any beneficial effects, and no hopes were entertained of his recovery by the gentlemen who attended him. A mortification soon took place, and after languishing seven days in the most excruciating torture, he expired on Sunday morning last. Mr. LEE was a sober industrious man, and possessed considerable property, the fruits of his assiduity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*The Poetical Corrector, by Rinaldo,*" noticed in our last, is not destitute of poetical merit; and as a *new* correspondent, we would willingly encourage Rinaldo: but he appears to have been unfortunate, in the present instance, in selecting a subject. The task he has imposed upon himself, of pointing out those writers in the Repository, whose poetical effusions are defective either in matter or stile, would prove much more irksome than he is aware of; as the *lex talionis* would certainly be used; and recent examples of criticisms upon criticisms, renders the editor cautious of admitting articles of that nature.—Sensible, however, of the advantages that would result to young writers from good criticism, he would be happy to obtain the correspondence of one properly qualified for the task, who would take up the subject on a general scale, without confining himself to the writers in the Repository; one whose genius is luminous, whose stile is pure, whose judgment is correct, and who would point out the beauties as well as defects of his author.—If Rinaldo will employ his pen on other subjects, his communications will be acceptable.

The gentleman who furnishes "*Literary Information*" for this week's Repository, is invited to continue his correspondence. Such articles, especially when accompanied with biographical sketches, are peculiarly interesting to the friends of literature.

"*D.'s Address to Miss Sarah .....*" and the piece headed "*Man is prone to Evil,*" are of too insipid a nature to gratify the mental taste of almost any reader.

Three numbers of "*The Observer*" have already appeared in the Repository, and five subsequent ones are received. As it appeared to be the intention of the writer to correct the foibles of mankind, the editor was induced to give these papers publicity, in hopes, in a series of numbers, to find something new; something that would "shoot folly as it flies;" but a uniform want of originality, and weakness of manner and stile, (foreign to the writer on some other occasions) has entirely disappointed his hopes, and compels him to drop their publication.

"*The Gazer, No. 1.*" "*The Pedestrian, No. 1.*" and "*Apollo, alias David Nircum,*" are received, will be particularly noticed next week.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

HENRY AND ELIZA;

A TALE.

(CONCLUDED.)

"ONE day while sitting on the green,
"Beneath a spreading shady grove,
"While ev'ning clos'd the day serene,
"In glitt'ring armour came my love.

"Ah! dearest maid prepare to part,
"For I must leave thee, lovely maid.
"Why must we, dearest Henry, part?
"Why wilt thou go? I weeping said.

"My country calls me to the war,
"I must obey its call, he said;
"For dangers threaten from afar,
"And hostile hosts our land invade.

"Our friends o'erpower'd in the fight,
"Sink dying on th' ensanguin'd plain;
"E'en those who save themselves by flight,
"Weak, faint and spiritless remain.

"To arms! To arms! the trumpet sounds,
"'Tis freedom calls our youth to arms;
"Our country bleeding lies in wounds,
"And seeks the assistance of our arms.

"Shall I inglorious pass my time,
"While slaves possess our peaceful plain?
"And shall this free and happy clime,
"Groan 'neath a gloomy tyrant's reign?

"No, I will go, and if I fall,
"My flocks, my lands, my house & home,
"Dear weeping fair, thine shall be all,
"When I rest in the silent tomb.

"And then he bade a last farewell,
"While tears flow'd from my aching eyes,
"'Twas like death's awful solemn knell—
"Now dead upon the plain he lies.

"My sighs with early morn arose,
"My tears with dewy ev'ning fell,
"At last I found relief from woes,
"In pious resignation's cell.

"When from the field our troops return'd,
"From rank to rank in haste I flew,
"To ev'ry one I saw I turn'd,
"And ask'd if they my Henry knew.

"But no one knew—at last I met,
"A friend who my lov'd Henry knew,
"But how shall I the tale repeat;
"He's dead! he said;—my senses flew.

"Once more to mis'ry I awoke,
"To feel again affliction's smart;
"The bands of fainting sleep were broke,
"And anguish keen oppress'd my heart.

"One night while sleeping on my bed,
"I dreamt I saw my love again,
"The vital current from his head,
"In sanguine streams flow'd on the plain.

"He wav'd his hand, I thought, and said,
"Eliza, loviest fair, I die,
"We'll meet in happier skies, dear maid;
"Upon the plain my bones will lie."

"I sought to clasp him in my arms,
"And take a last, a sad embrace,
"He vanish'd while I stretch'd my arms,
"Sleep fled, and tears roll'd down my face.

"Soon as the morning light arose,
"I journey'd tow'rds the fatal plain,
"His corse within a tomb t' enclose,
"And shed my tears on his remains.

"I sought him on the ensanguin'd plain,
"Where many a hero rests his head;
"But ah! I sought, alas, in vain,
"Amidst the num'rous heaps of dead."

No longer could I silent view,
My weeping love, but to her said,
(As to my panting bosom drew,
The trembling, frighten'd, shrieking maid.)

"Behold, my fair, thy Henry dear,
Not dead, but living yet for thee;
Dry up that silent falling tear,
Nor longer weep, dear maid, for me.

Amidst the battle's rage I fell,
Cover'd with wounds, upon the plain,
But ah! what human tongue can tell,
The horrors that around me reign'd.

Three days I lay upon the plain,
The rude blast howl'd around my head,
No balm to mitigate my pain,
And all around me heaps of dead.

Still you possess'd my ev'ry thought,
While I approach'd the yawning grave;
The fourth day a poor hermit brought,
Who bore me to yon lonely cave.

Soon as my bleeding wounds were heal'd,
I flew to clasp thee to my breast;
Thy friends to me a tale reveal'd,
Which robb'd me of my health and rest.

For you I sought, but you had fled,
Your home, and none could tell me where;
Since then a hermit's life I led,
And mourn'd thy loss, my faithful fair.

Now never, never more we'll part,
But seek again our native plains,
Joy long a stranger to our hearts,
Shall chace the mem'ry of our pains."

ABEL RIHLAHRMAM.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

The inclosed lines were written in consequence of a melancholy event which occurred lately; if worthy of insertion in your valuable Repository, they are at your service. Your's, &c.

AN ELEGY.

AH! didst thou hear that sigh from yonder vale,
Where melancholy glooms at midnight's hour,
Enwrap the scene; borne on the passing gale,
Its notes resound within this lonely bow'r.

There spring, returning, gives no verdure birth,
No odours breathe, nor blushing flow'rets bloom,
There, stretch'd her beauteous form on the cold earth,
Amanda mourns beside her Henry's tomb.

While in mute agony she clasps his grave,
Around her falls night's damp, unhealthy air,
Sudden she starts—while tears her bosom lave,
Utters the piercing accents of despair.

Yet once she was, nor distant is the day,
Contented; then propitious fortune smil'd,
Her soul, serene and innocently gay,
Beam'd thro' those eyes, so mournful now, and wild.

Henry, of graceful form and polish'd mind,
Beheld the fair, and own'd the power of love;
Mutual affection soon the lovers bind,
And all the warmth of tenderness they prove.

Fix'd was the day when Hymen's mystic flame,
Should at the sacred altar, make them one;—
Alas! the tyrant death, relentless came,—
And seiz'd the youth—his transient life was done.

Poor maid! thy anguish and thy tears abate,
Let consolation to thy heart be giv'n;
No more lament the dire decree of fate,
But bow submissive to the will of heav'n.

EDWIN.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

A Subscriber will consider himself obliged by your inserting the following satire. It is taken from an old English magazine, but is certainly very applicable to the present times.

THE YOUNG MAN's AMUSEMENT.

"Gaming, talking, swearing, drinking;
"Hunting, shooting, never thinking;
"Chattering nonsense all day long,
"Humming half an Opera song."
Performing plays upon the stage,
Following fashion as the rage;
"Mincing words in conversation,
"Ridiculing every nation;
"Admiring their own pretty faces,
"As if possess'd of all the graces:
"And, tho' no bigger than a rat,
"Peeping under each girl's hat."

WOMAN's RESOLUTION.

BY AARON HILL.

"OH!" cri'd Arsenia long in wedlock blest,
Her head reclining on her husband's breast,
"Should death divide thee from thy doating wife, (life?
"What comfort could be found in widow'd
"How the thought shakes me!—Heav'n my
"Strephon save,
"Or give the lost Arsenia half his grave!"

Jove heard the lovely mourner, and approv'd: "be lov'd?
"And should not wives like this," said he,
"Take the fair sorrower at her word, and try (lie?"
"How deeply rooted woman's vows can

'Twas said, and done—the tender Strephon di'd; (*tri'd,*)
Arsenia two *long* months t' outlive him
But in the *third*—alas! *became a bride.*